

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

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NO. 8.

REPUTATION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:
HON. F. B. STRATTON, TORONTO.

Government Inspector:
DR. T. F. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:

R. MATHISON, M. A. Superintendent.
W. C. KIRKUP, Bursar.
E. GOLDSMITH, M. D. Physician.
MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:

LEMAN, M. A., Head Teacher.
MISS J. G. TAYLOR, Head Teacher.
MISS S. TEMPLETON, Head Teacher.
MISS MARY HULL, Head Teacher.
MISS SELVIA L. HALL, Head Teacher.
MISS GEORGINA LIND, Head Teacher.
MISS ADA JAMES, Head Teacher.
MISS MADDEN, Monitor Teacher.

Teachers of Articulation:

MISS ADA M. JACK, Teacher of Articulation.
MISS CAROLINE GIBSON, Teacher of Articulation.
MISS MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.
MISS E. F. BROWN, Teacher of Sloyd.

JOHN T. BURNS, Head Typewriter Instructor of Printing.
WM. DOUGLASS, Supervisor.
WM. NUNN, Master Shoemaker.
CHAS. J. PEPPIE, Engineer.
JOHN DOWNIE, Master Carpenter.
D. CUNNINGHAM, Master Baker.

JOHN MOORE, Farmer and Gardener.

Subject of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford education at advantages to all the youth of the Province who are, on account of deafness, either partial or total, unable to receive instruction in the common schools.

All deaf mutes between the ages of seven and twenty, who are suffering from congenital deafness, who are born in the Province of Ontario will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly three months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay, will be charged the sum of \$20 per year for tuition, books and medical attendance to be furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged, but who are otherwise qualified, will be admitted free. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At present time the trades of Printing, Stationery and Shoemaking are taught to boys, the female pupils are instructed in general domestic work, tailoring, dressmaking, sewing, knitting, the use of the sewing machine, and such ornamental and fancy work as may be desirable.

It is hoped that all bearing charge of deaf mutes will avail themselves of the liberal terms offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. Information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to the Superintendent by letter or otherwise.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND DISTRIBUTED without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go out is put in box in office door will be sent to post office at noon and 2:45 p. m. of each day, Sundays excepted. The messenger is not allowed to post letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at post office for delivery for any one, unless the same is in the locked bag.



My Mother's Hands.

Such beautiful beautiful hands!
They're rather white and smooth
And you, I know, would eagerly think
That they were fair at all
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
As sculptor's dream might be
Yet are those aged, wrinkled hands
Most beautiful to me.

Such beautiful beautiful hands
Though heart were weary and sad
Those patient hands kept tolling on
That the children might be glad
The tears well forth as looking back
To childhood's distant day
I think how those hands ne'er rested at all
While mine were at their play.

Such beautiful beautiful hands.
They are growing feeble now,
For time and pain have left their work
On hand and heart and brow
Alas! alas, how near the time
Of pain and loss to me,
When death the daisies, out of sight
Those hands will folded be.

But, oh, beyond the shadow land
Where all is bright and fair
I know full well those dear old hands
Will palm of victory bear.
Where crystal streams through endless years
Flow over golden sands
And where the old grow young again
I'll keep my mother's hands.



Queen Alexandra.

A NOBLE TRIBUTE BY AN EX ATTACHE.

Alexandra of Denmark, who now becomes Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India, writes an *Attache* in *The New York Tribune*, is one of the most fascinating and popular women in the whole of her husband's vast dominions, which embrace one quarter of the entire population of the known world. True, there are many women in English society who are infinitely more beautiful, whose figures conform far more closely to the ideal of the artist, and, above all, there are many who possess a greater degree of brilliancy, of dash and of wit. Notwithstanding all this, wherever the gracious lady who has now become Queen appears not only does she become the cynosure of all eyes, but more than that, the loveliness of every other woman present seems to pale. This, too, in spite of the fact that she is the grand mother of some six little ones, and nearer sixty years of age than fifty.

True, she remains amazingly youthful in appearance, thanks not so much to those vulgar devices known as "making up," as to those judicious cares that are entirely legitimate. For instance, daily massage has been employed to help nature in warding off wrinkles from the fair face, while the elasticity and elegance of the figure have been retained by means of exercise, moderation and diet, to the same phenomenal degree as in the case of the late Empress of Austria at the time of her assassination. The hair is dressed in precisely the same quiet and characteristic manner of twenty-five years ago, the head retains the same dainty poise on a neck so graceful that it conveys the impression of a slender stalk supporting a flower, while the eyes assuredly have neither dimmed nor changed, flashing as in days of yore with fun or mischief, or else sweetly appealing in that sort of pathetic manner peculiar to people who are hard of hearing.

But it is not this that makes the new Queen of England so fascinating—that renders her so much more attractive than people of immeasurably superior beauty. Nor can it be described as magnetism, for magnetism implies something that is violent and against which one would be inclined to resist. But it is the sweet, gracious and kindly manner that converts every man who

sets eyes upon her into her sworn admirer, and that even disarms the jealousy of women, transforming them into her devoted friends.

It has sometimes been alleged that the consort of Great Britain's now King is deficient in cleverness. In fact, I have seen it stated in print—manifestly by people who have never been brought within the radius of her charms—that she is actually dull. True, she is not intellectual in the sense of her sister-in-law, Empress Frederick, and it is difficult to imagine her in the role of politician. But from the time of her marriage, eight and thirty years ago, she has lived almost unceasingly exposed to that full glare of publicity which beats about thrones, occupying by reason of the seclusion of the late Queen the role of the First Lady in the land, at any rate in a social sense. And throughout that entire period she has not made one single mistake. She has known in her own friendly and calm manner the people whom it was desirable that she should know. She has steered clear of all those acquaintances which might have given rise to ill-natured comment. She has never lost her head, never rendered herself guilty of anything that could be construed as partaking of the nature of a *faux pas*, and has by means of the atmosphere of ideal refinement which she seems to diffuse around her kept within bounds the tendency of modern society to exuberance and vulgarity, and, perfect in fact, has presented through her married life a picture of the most unruffled domestic happiness. Finally, in an age when calumny is so ripe and all prevalent that not even an angel descended from heaven would be permitted to retain the celestial garments unsullied and the wings unruined, no breath of scandal has ever tarried even for a fleeting moment the fair name of England's new Queen. Surely, when one considers all the temptations of one kind and another to which a woman in the position of the Royal lady who has until now borne the title of Princess of Wales is exposed, every one intent on flattering her, and many endeavoring in vain to poison her mind against those whom they wish to cast from her favor, the fact that she could be without a single mistake in her record indicates that, far from being a dull or foolish person, she must be possessed of extraordinary cleverness.

Equally mistaken is the impression which prevails that she has taken no part whatsoever in public life. It was estimated the other day that through her personal influence and direct action she has during the nearly four decades that have elapsed since she first came to England as the bride of the then Prince of Wales been instrumental in securing the subscription and contribution of no less than \$250,000,000 for charitable and philanthropic enterprises. This in itself is an achievement which conveys some idea of the usefulness of the Royal lady's life and the benefit which she has proved to the land of her adoption.

Not merely columns, but volumes, could be written of her innumerable acts of kindness, of generosity and of tender consideration for others, but I will merely relate one little incident which occurs to me at the present moment, and which may serve to illustrate the sympathy which she feels and which can only be surpassed by the sympathy which she inspires. Some time ago, when she was in London, an old lady in waiting of her mother, the late Queen of Denmark, lay dying in the Royal Palace at Copenhagen. She had known the present Queen of England since the latter's infancy and was deeply attached to her. King Christian writes every week to his daughter in England, and in one of his letters declared that the dying lady's one wish was to speak with her. Princess Alex. before she expired, Alexandra was quite unable to leave England at the time, but she spoke a

tender and sympathetic message into a phonograph and despatched it to Copenhagen by special messenger. Already the dimness of death had veiled the old lady's eyes when the phonograph gave out its message of love and hope, and as the last words died away and only the vibrations of the phonograph lingered on the air, she sighed happily, and with "God bless you, dear," on her lips, passed away to another world.

If anything could console the English people for the loss which they have sustained in the person of Victoria it is the knowledge that their now Queen is, like her lamented mother in law, a woman of singularly blameless life, of kindly disposition, a pattern of all domestic virtues, a woman whose heart goes out instinctively to all sorrow and suffering—in one word, a both lovely and lovable Sovereign.

Queen Victoria's Name.

BORN MISS AZON, HER MARRIAGE MADE HER MRS. ALBERT WETTIN.

What is the Queen's family name? asks T. P. O'Connor in *Mainly About People*. It is a matter of common belief, he says, that in the extremely unlikely event of the entire abolition of all titular distinctions in this country, and the disintegration of the social hierarchy into its primitive elements, Her Majesty's present royal designation would be reduced to the simple formula of "Mrs. Guelf." This is an entire mistake. The Queen's legal name, were she by some mysterious process to become a simple commoner, would be "Mrs. Wettin," by virtue of her marriage with Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, whose name, stripped of territorial and other garnishings, was plain "Albert Wettin."

Wettin is the patronymic of King Leopold of Belgium, of King Albert of Saxony, of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar and of the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, as well as of the Prince of Wales and his brothers, and of Prince Charles of Portugal. Wettin, who died in 1156, was a descendant of one Wittkind, who was a contemporary of the great Charlemagne. The majority of the reigning princes of Europe claim to be descended from Wittkind, among them being King Christian of Denmark, King George of Greece, Peter, Grand Duke of Oldenburg and the Czar of Russia. The patronymic of these four rulers is Oldenburg, the Emperor of Russia being neither a Romanoff nor yet a Holstein-Gottorp, as has been stated.

The Queen prior to her marriage was entitled to the patronymic of Azon—she was Miss Azon, in fact. Of the same name as the reigning Prince of Liechtenstein and the Duke of Cumberland, or King of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, as he is now. The founder of the house of Azon died in the year 984 and was Margrave or Marquis of Este. It is for this reason that the royal house of Great Britain has sometimes made use of the name d'Este, notably in the case of the Duke of Sussex, a younger son of King George III., who gave the name of d'Este, after marriage, to hismorganatic wife.

Why cannot a deaf mute tickle nine women? Because being a deaf mute he can only gestulate.

The safeguard against temptation is not seclusion, but selfculture. As it is not disinfectants which will most certainly secure one against infection, but a sound constitution, so it is not rules of life which will strengthen one against temptation, but a strong soul. One must build up his moral constitution by the habit of noble deeds and high thinking, by fellowship with pure women and honorable men. The chief aids in this regimen are literature and friendship. —*Ian MacLaren.*